

The Northern Galaxy

AND MIDDLEBURY PEOPLE'S PRESS.

H. BELL, Editor and Proprietor.

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BY A LADY,

As an excuse for her zeal in the cause of
Temperance, and addressed to a friend
who told her she "was almost a mono-
maniac on the subject of alcoholic
drinks."

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, hear what I have heard—
Sunk beneath the blow a father died,
And the cold, proud world's scorn—
Time struggle on from year to year,
The side relief the scolding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept,
Go, weep as I have wept—
O'er a loved father's fall,
See every cherished promise swept,
Your life's sweetest turned to gall,
Hope's faded flower strewn all the way
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, feel as I have felt,
Go, feel as I have felt—
Lupine, leopards and prey—
Survive the fiercest heart to melt,
The downward course to stay—
Be cast, with bitter curse, aside,
The prayers I whisper'd, thy tears defied.

Go, where I have stood,
Go, where I have stood—
And see the strong man stand
With quivering lips—lips bathed in blood,
And cold and livid brow;
Go catch his wandering glance and see
Those unworldly, his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,
Go, hear what I have heard—
The words of sad despair,
An agony of soul had stirred,
And its revealing there
Had told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate foreseen.

Go to my mother's side,
Go to my mother's side—
And hear her spirit cheer,
This once deep anguish hide.
Wipe from her cheek the tear—
Mark her dim'd eye her furrow'd brow,
The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
Her tolling voice, her trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth—
But who, forever, hath yielded up
This promise in the deadly cup,
And left her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there, 'mid want and strife,
The lonely thing—a drunkard's wife!

And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,
That withering blight—a drunkard's child!

Go, hear, see and feel and know
All that my soul hath felt or known—
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,
See if its brightness can atone;
Think if its favor you will try,
If all proclaimed—"Tis drink and die!"

Tell me that the host!
Here is a feeble word—
I speak—my very soul
With strong disgust is stirred!
When'er I see, hear or tell
Of the dark beverage of Hell!

CALOMEL—CAUTION TO BEEF EATERS.

A quick not a thousand miles from N. Y.,
usually traced all the diseases of his patients
to the use of *Calomel* and prescribed a specific
which he had invented as the remedy.
A young man in perfect health, to amuse
himself called one day and asked the learned
Dr. if he could tell him the nature of his disease,
and prescribe a remedy. The Dr. entered into a minute detail of symptoms, and
stated the whole was the effect of *Calomel*—
adding, I suppose you have taken large quantities
of it. The young man answered, No, not a grain of it.
But, says the Dr. I must be, for there it is in your system, and I can
see it in your face. Said the youth, I don't
know how it got there, for I never took any.
But what have you taken, when sick, says
the Dr. Nothing said he, for I never was
sick in my life, nor took a particle of medicine
of any kind. The Dr. for a moment
was non-plussed. Finally, he exclaimed, I
guess I know how it happened, haven't you
eaten freely of beef? O yes, said the youth.
Well, that must be the way then, they put
Calomel on the calves, and it staid in their
system, you eat the beef and that transferred
it to you.—*Bee. Free Press.*

ANECDOTE.

"One of the wealthiest firms" in Connecticut, tells the following story:—"When
first I came to settle, about forty years ago,
I told my wife I meant to be rich—all she
wanted was enough to make her comfortable.
I went to work and cleared up my land;
I worked hard ever since, and have got rich—
as rich as I want to be. Most of my children
have settled about me, and they all have got farms.
But my wife isn't comfortable yet."

Com. Stuart has a crop of Egyptian
wheat raised from seed 3000 years old,
found in an Egyptian mummy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

Mammoth Cave.

By L. MARIA CHILD OF NEW YORK.

"Of antres vast and depths wild,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch
heaven,
It was my hint to speak."

Concluded.

At one side of the River Hall is a steep
precipice, over which you can look down, by
aid of blazing missiles, upon a broad, black
sheet of water, 80 feet below, called the Dead
Sea. This is awfully impressive place, the
sights and sounds of which do not easily pass
from memory. He who has seen it will have
it vividly brought before him by Alfred's
description of Filippo: "Only a transient word
or act gives us a short and dubious glimpse
that reveals to us the abysses of his being;
dark, lurid and terrific as the throat of the infernal
pool."

As you pass along, you hear the roar of
invisible waterfalls, and at the foot of the
slope the river Styx lies before you, deep and
black, overarched with rock. The first
glimpse of it brings to mind the death of
Ulysses into hell.

Where the dark rock hangs the infernal lake,
And mingling streams eternal murmur make."

Across these meandering waters, the guide
can convey but two passengers at once; and
these sit motionless in the canoe, with feet
turned apart, so as not to disturb the balance.
Three lamps are fastened to the prow, the
images of which are reflected in the dismal
pool.

If you are impatient of delay, or eager for
new adventures, you can leave your companions
lingering about the shore, and cross the
Styx by a dangerous bridge of precipices
overhead. In order to do this, you must ascend
a steep cliff and enter a cave above,
from an egress of which you find yourself on
the bank of the river, eighty feet above its
surface, commanding a view of those passing
in the boat, and those waiting on the shore.
Seen from this height, the lamps in the canoe
glare like fiery eye-balls; and the passengers
sitting there, so hunched and motionless,
less like shadows. The scene is so
strangely funeral and spectral, that it seems
as if the Greeks must have witnessed it, before
they imagined Charon conveying ghosts to the
dim regions of Pluto. Your companions,
thus seen, do indeed,

"Shine along the dusky shades
Thin, slim and visionary shade."

If you turn your eye from the canoe, to the
parties of men and women whom you left
waiting on the shore, you will see them, by
the gleam of their lamps, scattered in picture-
que groups, looking out in bold relief from
the dense darkness around them.

When you have passed the Styx, you soon
meet another stream, appropriately called
"Leathes." The echoes here are absolutely
stunning. A single voice sounds like a powerful
chorus; and could an organ be played, it
would deprive the hearer of his senses.

When you have crossed, you enter a high level
hall, named the Great Hall, half a
mile of which brings you to another river, called
the Jordan. In crossing this, the rocks in
one place descend so low, as to leave only
eighteen inches for the boat to pass through.
Passengers are obliged to double up, and lie on
each other's shoulders, till this gap is passed.
The uncomfortable position is, however, of
short duration, and you suddenly emerge
to where the vault of the cave is more than a
hundred feet high. In the fall of the year, this
river often rises above its normal level; a phenomenon
supposed to be caused by heavy rains
from the upper earth. On this account,
autumn is an unfavorable season for those
who wish to explore the cave throughout.

If you happen to be caught on the other
side of the Jordan, when a sudden rise takes place,
a boat conveys them on the swollen waters,
to the level of an upper cave, so low that
they are obliged to enter on hands and knees
and crawl through. This place is called Purgatory.
People on the other side, aware of their
danger, have a boat in readiness to receive
them.

The guide usually sings while crossing the
Jordan, and his voice is reverberated by a
choir of sweet echoes. The only animals ever
found in the cave are fish, with which this
stream abounds. They are perfectly white
and without eyes; at least they have been
subjected to a careful examination, and no
organ similar to an eye can be discovered.

It would indeed be a useless appendage to
creatures that dwell forever in Cimmerian
darkness. But, as is usual, the acuteness of
one sense is increased by the absence of another.

These fish are undisturbed by the most
powerful glare of light, but they are alarmed
by the slightest agitation of the water; and it
is therefore exceedingly difficult to catch them.

The rivers of Mammoth Cave were never
crossed till 1840. Great efforts have been
made to discover whence they come and
whither they go. But the courageous Stephen
has floated for hours up to his chin, and forced
his way thro' the narrowest apertures under
the dark waves, so as to leave his head
merely a breathing place, yet without still remain
as much a mystery as ever—without beginning
or end, like eternity. They disappear
under arches, which, at the lowest stage of the
water, are under the surface of it.

From some unknown cause, it sometimes
happens in the neighborhood of these streams
that the figure of a distant companion will
apparently loom up, to the height of ten or
twelve feet as he approaches you. This
occasional phenomenon is somewhat frightful,
even to the most rational observer, occurring
as it does in a region so naturally associated
with giants and gnomes.

From the Jordan through Stillman's Avenue,
you enter a high, narrow defile, or pass in
a portion of which, called the Hanging
Rocks, huge masses of stone hang suspended
over your head. At the side of the defile is
a recess, called the Devil's Blacksmith Shop.
It contains a rock shaped like an anvil, with
a small inky current running near it, and
quantities of coarse slag scattered about
precisely like blacksmith's clinders, called
slag. In another place, you pass a square
rock, covered with beautiful dog's tooth spar,
called the Mile Stone.

This pass brings you into Wellington's
Gallery, which tapers off to a narrow point,
apparently the end of the cave in this direction.
But a ladder is placed on one side, by
which you ascend to a small cleft in the rock,
through which you are at once ushered into
a vast apartment, discovered about two years
ago. This is the commencement of Cleve-

land's Avenue, the crowning wonder and
glory of this subterranean world! At the head
of the ladder, you find yourself surrounded
by overwhelming stalactites, in the form of
clusters of grapes, transparent to the light,
hard as marble, and round and polished, as
if done by a sculptor's hand. This is called
Mary's Vineyard.

From the Vineyard, and entrance to the
right brings you into a perfectly naked cave,
whence you suddenly pass into a large hall,
with magnificent columns, and rich festoons
of stalactite, in various forms of beautiful
combination. In the centre of this chamber,
between columns of stalactite, stands a mass
stalagmite, shaped like a sarcophagus, in which
is an opening, like a grave. A Roman Catholic
priest first discovered this, about a year
ago, and with fervent enthusiasm exclaimed,
"The Holy Sepulchre!" a name which it has
since borne.

To the left of Mary's Vineyard is an enclosure
like an arbor, the ceiling and sides of
which are studded with snow-white crystals
of gypsum, in the form of all sorts of flowers.
It is impossible to convey an idea of the
exquisite beauty and infinite variety of the
stalactite formations. In some places, roses
and lilies seem to grow from the rock, in
baskets; in others, a graceful bell rises on a
stalk, so slender that it bends at a breath.

One is an admirable imitation of Indian corn
in tassel, the silken fibres as fine and flexible
as can be imagined; another is a group of
ostrich plumes, so snowy that a zephyr waves
it. In some nooks are little parties of trees,
in others, gracefully curled leaves, like the
Acanthus, rise from the very bosom of the
rock. Near this room is the Snow Chamber,
the roof and sides of which are covered with
particles of brilliant white gypsum, as if
snow-balls had been dashed all over the
walls. In another apartment the crystals
are all in the form of rosettes. In another
called Rebecca's Garland, the flowers have
all arranged themselves into wreaths. Each
seems to have a style of formations peculiar
to itself, though of infinite variety. Days
might be spent in these superb grottoes, with-
out becoming familiar with half their hidden
glories. One could imagine that some ante-
diluvian giant had here imprisoned some
fair daughter of earth, and then in pity for her
sorrows had employed fairies to deck her
bowers with all the splendor of earth and
ocean. Like poor Amy Robsart, in the
cathedral of Bath, the flowers here, kindled
in these beautiful retreats, produce an
effect more gorgeous than any theatrical representation
of fairy land; but they smoke the
pure white incrustations, and the guide is
therefore very properly reluctant to have
them used. The reflection from the shining
walls is so strong, that lamp-light is quite
superfluous. Moreover, these wonderful formations
need to be examined slowly and in detail.
The universal glitter of Bengal lights is
worthless in comparison.

From Rebecca's Garland, you come into a
vast hall, of great height, covered with
shining drops of gypsum, like oozing water
petrified. In the centre is a large rock, four
feet high, and level at top, round which several
hundred people can sit conveniently.

This is called Cora's Table. "Table," and is
usually used for parties to dine upon. In
this hall, and in Wellington's Gallery, are
deposits of fibrous gypsum, snow white, dry,
and resembling asbestos. Geologists, who
sometimes take up their abode in the cave
for weeks, and other travellers who choose
to remain overnight, find this a very pleasant
and comfortable bed.

Coradia's Table is a safe centre, from
which individuals may diverge on little exploring
expeditions, for the paths are not labyrinthine,
and the hall is very conspicuous from the
various neighboring points of view. In
most regions of the cave it is hazardous to
lose sight of the guide. If you think to walk
straight ahead, even for a few rods, and then
return to him, you will find it next to impos-
sible to do so. So many paths can be at
acute angles; they look so much alike; and
the light of a lamp reveals them so imperfectly,
that none but the practised eye of a guide
can disentangle their windings. A gentleman
who retraced a step near the entrance of the
cave, to find his last lost his way so completely,
that he was not found for forty-eight
hours, though twenty or thirty people were
in search of him. Parties are occasionally
mistaken and counted to see that none are
missing. Should such an accident happen
there is no danger, if the wanderer will remain
stationary; for he will soon be missed and a
guide sent after him.

From the hall of congealed drops, you may
branch off into a succession of cave, called
Cecilia's Grottoes. Here nearly all the beau-
tiful formations of the surrounding caverns,
such as grapes, flowers, stars, leaves, coral,
&c. may be found so low, that you can con-
veniently examine their minutest features.

One of these little recesses, covered with
sparkling spar, set in silvery gypsum, is called
Diamond Grotto. Anna's Bower closes
this series of wonderful formations. As a whole
they are called Cleveland's Cabinet, in
honor of Prof. Cleveland, of Bowdoin Col-
lege.

Stillman in his American Journal of Science
and Art, calls this admirable series, the
Alabama Caves. He says, "I was at first
at a loss to account for such beautiful forma-
tions, and especially for the elegance of the
curves exhibited. It is however evident from
the substances have grown from the rocks,
by increments or additions to the base; the
solid parts already formed being continually
pushed forward. If the growth be a little
more rapid on one side than on the other, a
well proportioned curve will be the result;
should the increased action on one side diminish
or increase, then all the beauties of the
comic and mixed curves would be produced.
The masses are often evenly and longitu-
dinally striated by a kind of columnar
structure, exhibiting a facies of small prisms
and some of these prisms ending sooner than
others, give a broken termination of great
beauty; similar to our form of the emblem
of the order of the star." The rosettes formed
by a mamillary disk surrounded by a circle
of leaves, rolled elegantly outward, are
from four inches to a foot in diameter. Tor-
tuous vines, throwing off curled leaves at
every flexure, like the branches of a chamber
running more than a foot in length, and not
thicker than the finger, are among the varied
work of these grottoes; common stalactites
of carbonate of lime, although beautiful
objects, lose by contrast with these beautiful
ornaments, and dwindle into mere clumsy,
awkward icicles. Besides these, there are
tufts of hair salt, native sulphate of magne-
sia, depending like adhering snowballs from
thereof, and periodically detaching themselves
by their own increasing weight. Indeed, the
most solid alabaster ornaments become at
last overgrown, and fall upon the floor of the

grotto, which was found covered with num-
bers quite entire, besides fragments of others
broken by the fall.

A distinguished geologist has said that he
believes Cleveland's Avenue, two miles in
length, contained a perfect form of every
vegetable production on earth. If this be too
large a statement, it is at least safe to say
that its variety is almost infinite. Amongst
its other productions, are large piles of Eps-
om salts beautifully crystallized. Travel-
lers have shown such wondrous destructive-
ness in this great temple of nature—mutilat-
ing beautiful columns, knocking off spar, and
crushing delicate flowers—that the rules are
now very strict. It is allowable
to touch nothing except the ornaments
which have loosened and dropped by their
own weight. These are often hard enough
to bear transportation.

After you leave Anna's Bower, the cave
again becomes very rugged. Beautiful com-
binations of gypsum and spar may still be
seen occasionally overhead; but all around
you rocks and stones are piled up in the wildest
manner. Through such scrappy scenery,
you come to the Rocky Mountains, an irregu-
lar pile of massive rocks, 100 to 150 feet
high. From these you can look down into
Dissol Hollow—deep below—the most
frightful looking place in the whole cave. On
the top of the mountain is a beautiful rotunda,
called Croghan Hall, in honor of the prop-
rietor. Stalactites surround this in the
richest fringe of icicles, and lie scattered about
the walls in all shapes, as if arranged for a
museum. On one side is a stalagmite forma-
tion like a pine tree, about five feet high,
with irregular leaves and branches; another is
in pyramidal form, like a cypress.

If you wind down the mountains, on the
side opposite from that which you ascended,
you will come to Serena's Arbor, which is
thirteen miles from the entrance of the cave,
and the end of this avenue. And a most
beautiful termination it is! In a semi-circle
of stalactite columns is a fountain of pure
water spouting up from a rock. This fluid
is as transparent as air; all the earthly par-
ticles it ever held in suspension, having been
long since precipitated. The stalactite forma-
tions in this arbor are remarkably beauti-
ful.

One hundred and sixty-five avenues have
been discovered in Mammoth Cave, the walk
through which is estimated at about three
hundred miles. In some places you descend
more than a mile into the bowels of the earth.
The poetic minded traveller, after he has traced
all the labyrinths, departs with lingering
reluctance. As he approaches the entrance
daylight greets him with a novel and startling
beauty. If the sun shines on the verdant
slope of hill, and the waving trees, seen
through the arch, they seem like fluid gold;
if the daylight rests upon them, they re-
semble molten silver. This remarkable richness
of appearance is doubtless owing to the
contrast with the thick darkness, to which
the eye has been so long accustomed.

As you come out of the cave the tempera-
ture of the air rises three degrees instantly.
(If the season is summer, and you feel as if
plunged in a hot vapor bath; but the effects
of this are salutary and not unpleasant.)

Nature never seems so marvellous as it
does when you emerge from his hidden realm
of marvellous imitations. The "dear goddess"
is so serene in her resplendent and more
harmonious beauty! The gorgeous
amphitheatre of trees, the hills, the sky, and
the air, all seem to wear a veil of translucent
glory. The traveller feels that he was never
before conscious, how beautiful a phenomenon
is the sun-light, how magnificent the
blue arch of heaven.

These are three guides in the service of
travellers, all well versed in the intricate
paths of this nether world. Stephen, the
presiding genius of Mammoth Cave, is a native
and a slave. He has lived in this strange
realm, from boyhood, and a large proportion
of the discoveries are the result of his
courage, intelligence, and untiring zeal. His
vocation has brought him into contact with
many intellectual and scientific men; as he
has great quickness of perception and a pro-
ficiency of memory, he has profited much by
intercourse with superior minds. He can re-
collect every body that ever visited the cave,
and all the terms of geology and mineralogy
are at his tongue's end. He is extremely at-
tentive and peculiarly polite to ladies. Like
most of his race, he is fond of grandiloquent
language, and his rapturous expressions as he
lights up some fine point of view, are at times
fine specimens of glorification. His knowl-
edge of the place is ample and accurate, and
he is altogether an extremely useful and
agreeable guide. May his last breath be a
free one!

FANATICAL SECTS.

DORRITTES.—These were a set of fanatics,
which sprung up and flourished in
Leyden Massachusetts, in the year 1797
and their society embraced some members
who resided in the Southern part of Wind-
ham county in this State. The founder
was an impostor by the name Dorrit, a
refuge from the British army under Gen.
Burgoyne. Dorrit pretended to be pos-
sessed of supernatural powers and that, as
he was armed with attributes of Deity, it
was not in the power of man to hurt him.
He and his followers abstained from eating
flesh; made use of neither food, or cloth-
ing which was procured at the expense of
life, and if they had full faith in him, he
assured them in the name of God they
should never die. They put off their leather
shoes and had others made of cloth or
wood. One was a blacksmith; he pro-
ceeded and used a pair of cloth bellows, and
all lived upon milk and vegetables. They
discarded all revelation except what Dorrit
received, set at defiance all the laws of
man, and were governed in all their con-
duct, as he expressed it, "by the light of
nature." Meetings were held once a week
at which their worship principally consisted
in eating, drinking, singing, fiddling
and dancing, and hearing lectures from
Dorrit, who was well qualified for that pur-
pose. They had a covenant by which they
placed a large share of their property
in common stock, and the blacksmith
became their treasurer. In short time
Dorrit collected a large society, among
whom were some very respectable families
in the towns of Leyden Barnardston,
Massachusetts. People went from all the
neighboring towns to hear and see the
marvellous doings of Dorrit and his asso-
ciates. At length at one of their meetings
a goodly number having assembled, Dor-

rit opened with music, &c. and began to
deliver his lectures. At that meeting one
Ezekiel Foster, of Leyden attended as a
spectator. He was a man of good sense
of a giant frame, and had a countenance
that bespoke authority. When Dorrit
came to the doctrine of his mysterious pow-
ers, he had no sooner uttered the words
"no arm can hurt my flesh," Foster rose
indignant at his blasphemy, and knocked
Dorrit down with his fist. Dorrit affright-
ed and almost senseless, attempted to rise,
when he received a second blow, at which he
cried for mercy. Foster promised to for-
bear, on condition that he would renounce
his doctrines, yet continued beating him.
Soon a short party ensued, when Dorrit
consented and did renounce his doctrines
in the hearing of all his astonished fol-
lowers. He further told them that his ob-
ject was to see what fools he could make
of mankind. His followers chagrined and
ashamed at being made the dupes of such a
base fellow, departed in peace to their
homes. Dorrit promised his adversary,
upon the penalties of his life never to im-
pose upon the people any more.

Thompson's Vermont.

THE OREGON EMIGRANTS.

FROM THE N. Y. TRIBUNE.

I saw in your paper of yesterday morning
in a communication from the City of
Washington, a notice of the misfortunes
which have already befallen the company
of emigrants to the Oregon Territory.

It appears that eight persons, women and
children, died of thirst, starvation or fa-
tigue before reaching Fort Hall on the
Sagin!—that their cattle and other ani-
mals were very much emaciated, and their
hopes of getting to Lower Oregon were
surrounded with such gloomy forebodings
that some of the company had returned to
the States.

This is sad news to me; not because I
have relatives among that daring band, or
ties of interest connected with them, other
than those which would follow any individ-
uals similarly circumstanced; I am made
sorrowful by deriving from a recollection
of my own suffering in those terrible re-
gions, a clear idea of the lingering agony
which those mothers and children must
have endured, from the time when began to
creep upon them, or weariness to waste
away their lives, till their last pang was
swallowed up in death.

I do not believe that one who has never
crossed the Rocky Mountains, that awful
barrier of snows, and herbless sands, and
naked rocks, can have a fair conception of
the horrors which hang around every day
and hour of that journey! Perpetual jour-
neyings themselves, if intended with the
comforts of eating, drinking and sleeping,
as found along the high ways of civilized
countries, would be quite trying to health
and mental quiet. Ladies with families in
charge would sink under the hardships, and
the physical powers of children would be
materially depreciated.

But in progressing over the plains on
this side of the Rocky Mountains, as well
as among those mountains themselves,
there is no roof under which to sleep; the
deep heavens gazed upon—stars—or cov-
ered with the pall of the tempest, is the
wayfarer's only shelter. He has not even
a tree to cast its branches over him except
at a dozen encampments from the frontier
of the States, to Fort Hall!

He has no road on which to travel. On
the trail along the banks of the Great Plat-
te the traveler is beset with tall grass, so
harsh so soon to wear the fore parts of his
animal's hoofs to the quick unless they be
protected with iron shoes, or bound up
with raw hide taken from the neck of the
buffalo bull.—When he passes the grassy
district and approaches the mountains, he
finds himself among endless fields of differ-
ent species of cacti or prickly pear, which
fills his animal's leg with thorns; or among
vast fields of loose and small sharp
rocks, the wild worn wood, or tracks of
scorches; all of which continually maim and
weary his riding and pack-bearing animals
to such a degree as to compel him, if he
would advance on his journey, to submit
his own limbs to be lacerated in a similar
manner.

He has nothing but meat for food. A lit-
tle meal flour, and Indian corn is taken
out to sustain life until the adventurer
meet the buffalo. These animals are usu-
ally found in the latter part of May, (the
time when parties who intend crossing the
mountains leave the States,) about 300 miles
from the frontier. From this point onward,
wild meat is usually relied on as the only
diet, until they reach Lower Oregon, a dis-
tance of 3,000 miles.

The suffering of women and children on
such a journey, made on horses and
mules, with such sustenance and lodging,
must often end in death. It is indeed
marked to me that more of the Oregon
emigrants did not die before reaching Fort
Hall.

I will hereafter furnish your paper a
description of the part of the journey still
before them, from which some idea may
be gleaned of the sufferings which still
await them.

RUM! RUM!—It has been proved by
parliamentary evidence, that \$12,000,000,
are yearly lost to the British nation by
shipwrecks and accidents at sea, caused by
intemperance. From Nov. 11, to March
19, a little over four months, 616 vessels
were wrecked and 1800 lives lost; the
chief cause of which is strong drink! It
would that there was not a drop of the
cursed poison in the world—what an am-
ount of misery and suffering would be done
away. Let us, then, whether we be in
England, America, or any part of the
globe where rum is sold, do all we can to
put down the horrid traffic—let every man,
woman, and child be aroused to action,
and do something to suffering humanity!

SETTLEMENT OF HONG KONG.

According to the last accounts from
China this place appears to be advancing
in importance.—But three years ago there
was scarcely a hut upon the island, and the
only inhabitants visible were fisher-
men, who chiefly lived in boats. The
place is now covered with buildings, chief-
ly of stone, and inhabited by officers, mer-
chants, clerics, &c., and the Chinese, ac-
quiring confidence in the English, are so
rapidly adding their own number to the
population that two thousand huts are to be
seen in the quarter selected for residence.
The town formed by the European and
Chinese residence has been named Victo-
ria, and the public buildings therein are
erected under the superintendence of an
experienced officer of the Royal Engin-
eers. Every description of article of econ-
omy use in England among families of
respectability may be had at Hong Kong
at reasonable rates. The advertisements
in the Hong Kong newspapers give every
evidence of a thriving, busy population of
enterprising individuals. Ships are adver-
tised for England and elsewhere; cheap
hats are to be sold; an individual has re-
ceived a cargo of fine cheese and bottled
porter; and another promises to cut cats,
vests, and pantaloons after the newest Lon-
don and Parisian fashions; partnerships
dissolved, new firms formed, and a hundred
other matters of similar nature and im-
port.

EXHUMATION OF CON. PORTER'S REMAINS.

The U. S. brig Triton, having
arrived at Constantinople, the exhumation
of the remains of the late Commodore Por-
ter, (whose valiant services to his country
will ever live in our memory) took place
on the 14th of October, in the presence of
all the foreign representatives of the Courts
of Europe at the Sublime Porte, the offi-
cers of the navies and ships of war, in
port, and the American resident in Con-
stantinople. The cap and sword of the
deceased, over which the American flag
was thrown, being placed on the coffin,
the procession moved slowly to its beach.
The Intendant of Austria, the Ministers
of Spain and Sardinia, and the Belgian,
Swedish, and Neapolitan Charges d' Aff-
airs held the pall; The Triton and steam-
er carried their flags half mast high, the
former firing minute guns, and on her re-
turn to Zophane, she turned by H. M.
steamer Devastation; and without coming
to an anchor she proceeded on her home-
ward voyage, and is now hourly expected
to arrive in the Delaware.—N. Y. Trib.

The Whigs of New York talk of Thar-
low Wood Esq., Editor of the Albany
Evening Journal, as their candidate for
Governor, at the next election.

Mrs. Madison, the respected widow of
the late illustrious President Madison, has
again taken up her residence, for the win-
ter session, in Washington.—Pleb.

SHIP BUILDING.—We learn from an offi-
cial document issued from the Treasury
department, that during the year ending
Sept. 30th, 1842, there were built in
Maine 57 ships, 50 brig, 55 schooner, 1
sloop, and one steamer—a total of 38,
640 tons. New York built 20,241;
Massachusetts, 18,632; and Pennsylvania,
13,698 tons. The total built in the Union
was 129,023 64 tons.

THE RASCALLY TARIFF!—A correspon-
dent writes us that two gentlemen in the
town of Richmond, and another in Ex-
eter—all extensive Wool Growers—have
severally disapproved of their three last acts
of Wool for Forty Cents per pound! The
Tariff must be put down! Such things
never'll answer!!—Oregon Republican.

DOMESTIC EXCHANGES.—The Charle-
voix County Censor says that most of the
Butter made in that county the past ses-
son, went to Boston. Two of their mer-
chants sent over thirty tons each, and took
Domestic Goods in exchange for it. That's
the kind of dealer for the